

# Dancer

## Lexxie Couper

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His cock was long and thick and oh, so perfect.

“Are you really a ballroom dancer?” There had to be some explanation for the body I saw before me, but ballroom dancing? Since when did ballroom dancers pop up on deserted islands after a plane crash? Since when did ballroom dancers live on deserted islands anyway?

Grey eyes sparkled with humour as they flicked over me. “Yes,” his slightly scratchy but very deep voice said. “A ballroom dancer. And not just any ballroom dancer. Pan-Pacific champion four years running.”

I pulled a Wow face as I peeled my wet, clinging shirt from my body. The humid air kissed my naked breasts and my pussy fluttered. Damn, I was horny! Who would’ve thought just moments ago I’d dragged my sorry ass out of the ocean after failing my first solo-flight attempt? “Four years!” I exclaimed. “Impressive.”

I still wasn’t convinced he was a ballroom dancer, but after the masterful way his tongue played tonsil-hockey down my throat seconds after finding me gasping on the empty beach, he could be a short-order cook on Mars for all I care. He’d saved me from the horrendous thought that I’d crashed on an isolated, deserted island. I’ve seen every episode of “Lost” and I know what happens on isolated, deserted islands after a plane crash. He deserved to be thanked and thanked well.

He took a step towards where I perched on a dead tree trunk, that oh, so perfect cock of his pointing straight up. It was, I have to say, the most amazing male appendage

I've ever seen. Thick and smooth and tanned to a deep honey glow that could only come from nude sunbaking. Just below the head, through that tiny twist of scarred flesh left from circumcision, was a very small silver bar, complete with two very small silver balls at each end. Now tell me, since when did ballroom dancers have their dicks pierced?

With another step, that wonderfully pierced cock was hovering right before my face and, unable to control myself any longer, I reached out, cupping his heavy, hairless scrotum in one palm while I ran my other hand up the velvety smoothness of his straining shaft. "When we leave this island, you're going to show me some of your moves," I murmured, looking up at him through half-lowered lids.

The sides of his mouth curled into a small grin. "You really want to wait that long?" His cock pulsed in my hand. Once. "I thought the dance lesson was just about to begin."

My pussy clenched and flooded with damp heat.

Long, sure fingers threaded into my knotted hair. (Crash landing just isn't conducive for the perfect do). A shiver ran down my spine, and despite the sticky heat, my nipples pinched into twin points. Obviously he liked what he saw. Which was quite okay with me.

"What are you doing on this island?" he asked, manoeuvring until his cock was but millimeters away from my lips.

"It's a long story," I replied, not remotely interested in recounting it at the moment. His balls tightened as my breath fell over his hot flesh.

"Hmmm." The fingers in my hair gave a little tug, pulling my head closer to that oh, so perfect cock. "Tell me later then."

Then the dance lesson began.

There is a unique rhythm required in a body to dance. Stroke. Beat. Stroke. Beat. My mouth closed around his cock, my tongue curling around the shaft. I withdrew a little. Up. Down. Stroke. Beat. Stroke. Beat.

His fingers curled tighter in my hair. The tiny silver bar pierced just below the head rolled over my taste buds, adding a dimension to the blowjob I'd never experienced before. I wondered what that bar would feel like stroking in and out in my pussy, and wet tension flooded my cunt as I realised I would soon know. Whoever my ballroom dancing Adonis was, he was more than just a head job on an island. A head job, a sixty-niner, some doggy-style and maybe even a cuddle on an island was more like it. But perhaps that was just the oh-so perfect cock talking to my mouth.

I cupped his balls, a distant part of my mind wondering how they'd become bereft of hair -- wax? Electrolysis? Tweezers? Did it really matter? Perhaps they were more aerodynamic that way? Perhaps they helped him waltz more quickly around the dance floor?

Whatever the reason, I liked it. And I showed him how much by giving them a gentle squeeze as I flicked at the glands on his shaft with the tip of my tongue. A groan slipped past his lips and I smiled around his cock.

"Can you feel the beat?" he whispered.

I could. The rhythm of his hips and my tongue was perfect. There was no music in the air, but there was music in our bodies. My blood turned to liquid heat, my pussy constricted around a cock that wasn't there, but soon would be. His groans of pleasure filled my head, his cock filled my mouth. Goddamn, it was amazing. It was brilliant. It was a new religion and I was a convert. Can I hear a halleluiah?

I sucked -- hard. I've always had a secret fantasy for the rough stuff and if you can't live out a secret fantasy after crash landing on a tropical island and being rescued by an Adonis-slash-ballroom dancer, when can you? I sucked again, pulling his cock deeper into my mouth through suction alone. He groaned and yanked on the tangled mess of my hair, shoving his hips forward. My cunt gushed with cream. Okay, so he had a thing for the rough stuff too. Excellent.

With barely a hint of what I was going to do, I snapped to my feet. His cock popped from between my lips, but before he could protest, I planted my palms on his sweat-slicked pecs and pushed.

He stumbled backward, surprise igniting in his eyes. His naked ass hit the humidity-wet ground behind him and the wind gushed from him in an “oof” sound. A sound I captured with my mouth as, without any preamble, I straddled his hips, fisted my hands into his hair and kissed him at the exact moment I impaled myself upon his cock.

Can you remember me telling you how amazing his cock was?

Well, the way it looked had nothing on the way it felt. Holy shit. Holy fucking shit.

The thick girth of it stretched me to the limit. I mean, to the limit. It burned and stung and I wanted to scream with ecstasy. I pushed up with my thighs, withdrawing slightly and the tiny bar pierced below his head scored a path on the wall of my cunt that felt like heaven and hell and rapture. I yanked on his hair and plunged my tongue deeper into his mouth, trapping his moans of delighted pain in his throat, riding that studded cock of his until I felt raw.

I felt my climax building. Each stroke I forced from him, each penetration he thrust into me, added to the mounting well of molten liquid surging through my body. His balls slapped against my ass -- a rhythmic beat that made my heart hammer, my pulse pound and my cunt cream. I wanted to come.

But I wouldn't let myself. Not yet. Not until...

I tore my head from his, staring down into eyes blazing with lust. His glistening lips were red and swollen. My nipples pinched. They knew -- as well as I did -- where those lips were going...

With fluid grace and speed -- ballroom dancer, remember? -- he coiled forward at the waist, abs bunching into exquisite tension, and captured one of my nipples with his mouth.

His teeth sank into my rock-hard nipple as his fingers twisted and pinched the other. His cock pounded into my pussy and his balls smashed against my ass. All with the deep, inherent pace of someone with rhythm in their blood.

Had I doubted he was what he said he was? God, I was an idiot.

I rode him, holding his head to my breast, grinding my cunt to his shaft, reveling in pure sensations cascading through me. I was going to come. Oh, my God, "I'm going to come!"

The words burst from my mouth as my cunt contracted and gushed, my climax hitting me in violent spasms that made me shudder. My pussy clamped down on his cock, milking him, draining him. His mouth on my breast sucked harder, pain and pleasure so entwined I could barely breath. Jesus! What a dance lesson.

Head thrown back, hips rolling, cunt pulsating, eyes wide...

I saw my pilot instructor's plane flying low over the island, following the same path I'd taken before I lost control. The pedantic sod had tailed me!

The dance lesson was over. I was being rescued.

Damn it!

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